Alarmes. They fight, and then enters Warwicke and reſcues Richard, and then exeunt omnes.

Alarmes ſtill, and then enter Henry ſolus.

Hen. Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And ſet ſome endes to theſe inceſſant griefes.
How like a maſtleſſe ſhip vpon the ſeas,
This wofull battaile doth continue ſtill,
Now leaning this way, now to that ſide driue,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might ſtay theſe ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raign'd, nor nere bene King.
Margaret and *Clifford*, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had beſt ſucceſſe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, ſo all were well,
Or would my crowne ſuffice, I were content
To yeeld it them, and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man that I haue ſlaine in fight to day,
May be poſſeſſed of ſome ſtore of crownes,
And I will ſearch to finde them if I can.
But ſtay; methinkes it is my fathers face:
Oh I, tis he whom I haue ſlaine in fight.
From London was I preſt out by the King,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
And in this conflict I haue ſlaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter another ſoldiour with a dead man.

2. *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtſt with me ſo ſtoutly,
Now let me ſee what ſtore of gold thou haſt.
But ſtay, methinks this is no famous face:
Oh no, it is my ſonne that I haue ſlaine in fight,

Oh

Oh monſtrous times, begg
How cruell, bloudy, and ir
This deadly quarrell daily
Poore boy, thy father gau
And hath bereau'd thee of
King. Woe aboue woe,
Whil'ſt Lyons warre and
Poore Lambes do feele th
The red Roſe and the whit
The fatall colours of our f
Wither one Roſe, and let
For if you ſtriue, ten thouſ
1. *Soul.* How will my m
Take on with me, and nere
2. *Soul.* How will my wi
Take on with me and nere
King. How will the peo
Oh would my death their
1. *Soul.* Was euer ſonne
2. *Soul.* Was euer father
King. Was euer King th
1. *Soul.* Ile beare thee he
For woe is me to ſee my f

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee h
For I haue murdered whe

King. Weepe wretched
Here ſits a King, as woe b

Alarmes,

Queene. Away my Lor
The day is loſt, our friends
No helpe is left for vs, the

Enter

Prince. Oh father flie, o

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY